

The Diverting Post.

From Saturday Feb. 24, to Saturday March 3. 1705.

A Riddle. By Mr. Tho. Haws.

IN Jerkin short, and Nutt-brown Coat I live,
Pleasure to all, and Pain to all I give;
Quivers I have, and pointed Arrows too,
Gold is my Dart, and Iron is my Bow.
Nothing I read, yet many things I write,
I never go to War, yet always Fight:
I never eat, and yet am always full,
Poison from Herbs, and Sweets from Flowers I cull.
Distorted Back I have, and leathern Scrip,
Black is my Face, and blubber is my Lip.
No Eyes I have, and yet I always weep,
Sleeping I wake, and waking I do sleep.

Note, This Gentleman is desired to send an Explanation of this Riddle, to insert in our next.

On Cards. By Mr. G. Bagnall.

HENCE, ye deluding subtle painted Foes,
Back to the D---l, whence ye first arose.
A Pack of you, scarce worth a single Groat,
Have thousands oft 'ere now reduc'd to naught.
Women with you do pass loose Time away,
You, who no less inconstant are than they.
Ye rob Mens Days of Business, and Delights,
Of sweet and precious Sleep, ye rob their Nights.
In short whatever Game is plaid with you,
Knaves commonly have got the most to do.

Virtue before Beauty.

WOULD Woman, rather from the Throng retir'd,
Be lov'd by one, than be by Crowds admir'd.
Would Men, before their Hearts are quite resign'd,
Forget their Faces, to inspect their Mind.
Such Objects should their fainter Charms possess,
Would please them longer, though they please them less:
For Beauty's Blaze, tho' fierce, is quickly past,
Whilst Love, good Sense, and Virtue, ever last.

Upon a new Marry'd Lady's being fond
of a Dutch Mastiff, which caus'd her
Husband to be Jealous.

Lad. **C**OME heither, my voluptuous Pug,
My dub-nos'd, crop-ear'd, dainty Rogue,
With Negro Phiz, and Sides so plump,
And Tail curl'd o're thy grifly Rump;

How pritily he Whines and Cries,
And Ogles with his Goggle Eyes;
Lifts up his Leg 'gainst Bed or Chair,
And Pisses here, and Fisles there?
How smooth his Coat is, how Japan?
See how he gnaws and paws my Fan;
'Tis pity but thou was't a Man.
} Hus. Pox take the Hogan Whelp, must he,
In Bed and up, my Rival be?
Tom, take the Curr from off the Bed,
And Hang him 'till he's Dead, Dead, Dead.
'S Deah, Wife, I'll see you at the Devil,
E'er a Dutch Dog shall be my Rival.

Upon Mrs. Tofts. By Mr. Sam. Phillips.

HOW are we pleas'd when beauteous Tofts appears,
To steal our Souls through our attentive Ears?
Ravish'd we listen to th' enchanting Song,
And catch the falling Accents from her Tongue:
With Raptures entertain the pleasing Sound,
Whose very Softness has a Pow'r to Wond:
Pleasure and Pain she does at once impart,
Charms every Sense, and pierces every Heart,
Each Word's a Salve, but every Shake's a Dart.

Upon a Lady Weeping at a late Tragedy.

HAPPY that Author, who can drain
Two Crystal Streams from Celia's Eyes;
Revenge he takes for all the Pain
Others endure, yet she defies:
Descend, Oh! Mighty God of Love,
And if thy Quiver wants new Darts,
Her Silver trickling Drops will prove
Sure to dissolve and conquer Hearts.
Make haste, and catch 'em as they flow,
In losing one, you lose a Slave;
Ah! did you but their Value know,
You'd stretch both Wings to Fly and Save.

Anacreontick. By a Gentleman of Oxon.

AS Cupid once upon a Day,
Was in a rosy Bow'r at play;
An unseen Bee the Wanton sprung,
Which his young Godship's Finger Stung:
Impatient of the Smart, he blow'd
His Finger, stamp'd, and cry'd aloud;
With blubber'd Eyes, and Visage wan,
He sometimes flew, and sometimes ran;

Until

To whom he shew'd the tiny Wound,
And said, Dear Mother, I'm undone,
And you will lose your only Son :
I boast of Immortality
In vain, for ah ! I faint, I die :
This Wound, that makes me dread the Grave,
A little winged Serpent gave,
(Which by the Sirens is call'd a Bee,) }
And hath, I fear, ungladded me.
The pitying Goddess shook her Head,
And kiss'd his Finger well, but said,
Alas ! if that small Insect's Sting
Doth so much Pain and Anguish bring,
How great, how grievous is their Smart,
That feel, too fretful Boy, thy Dart.

A Song. By the same Hand.

I.

C Ease, whining Damon, to complain
Of thy unhappy Fate,
That Sylvia should thy Love disdain,
Which lasting was, and great.

II.

For Love so constant, Flames so bright,
More unsuccessful prove,
Than cold Neglect, and sudden Slight,
To gain the Nymph you Love.

III.

Then only you'll obtain the Prize,
When you her Coyness use ;
If you pursue the Fair, she flies,
But if you fly, pursues.

IV.

Had Phœbus not pursu'd so fast
The seeming cruel She,
The God a Virgin had embrac'd,
And not a lifeless Tree.

The Complaint.

TO Men of Wit and Sense, no Fruit does grow,
Besides the empty Fame of being so,
Money, Preferment, Friends, to Block-heads go.

An Epigram on Love.

BW
A Soul as the World, yet an Infant is Love ;
A Tho' least of the Deities, greater than Jove :
He fills with his Fire, the Earth, Seas, and Skies,
Tat Itis contains the whole God in her Eyes.

An Epilogue design'd to be spoken at the
Acting of Gibraltar, on the Second Night,
being for the Benefit of the Author.

THE Curate, Barber, Sancho, all agree,
A Mad-man to reclaim from Chivalry,
So Friends our Author from dull Poetry.
In Criticism admit he does excel,
Jest Strokes in Painting, yet he ne'er drew well.
In vain are all Attempts, the Don will stray,
And the damn'd Poet does but louder Bray :
One has enchanted Castles in his Brains,
The other怀孕 with insipid Strains ;

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B. Bragg, at the Blue Ball in Avermary-Lane. 1705.

Fame,
Our Bard, nor Money, nor Applause, does gain ; }
So both reform too late, thro' Grief and Shame.

Upon Eve's Apples. By a Lady.

VE, for thy Fruit thou paid'st too great a Price,
What ? for an Apple, sell a Paradice ?
If now a days of Fruit such Gains were made,
Who would not drive a Coster-monger's Trade.

On St. David's Day.

WHY on St. David's Day, do Welsh-men seek,
To beautify their Hats with verdant Leek
Of nauseous Smell, for Honour tis, Har say,
Dulce & decorum, est pro patria !
Right, Sir, to Die or Fight, it is I think,
But how is't Dulce, when you for it stink.

Upon Vulcan's Marriage with Venus.

Strange Contradiction ! Love and Beauty's Queen,
Thus to be join'd to Ugliness and Spleen.
But Jove had sworn by Styx it should be so ;
And when the Thunderer Bids, who dares say No.
Thus Force, you see, can Inclinations bend,
And with rank Oil make purer Water blend.
But yet for Truth infallible, the Fair
In this may trust, to drive away Dispair :
That still when Vulcan doth a Venus Wed,
Some sprightly Mars will share his Marriage-Bed.

Note, The Gentleman who sent a Receipt for a
Sack Poffet, is desired to Oblige the Undertakers
according to the Promise in his Letter.

Advertisements.

+ There will speedily be published, *Miscellanea Sacra*, the Second part ; to which will be annex'd a Scheme containing thirty Heads, being a Proposal for the Relief of our Poor, and Encouragement of Trade ; humbly recommended to the Perusal of all Pious and Charitable Persons.

+ Books upon Divine Subjects sold by H. Playford, at his Shop in the Temple Exchange, Fleet-street, viz. The excellent Tragedy of King Saul, writ by a Person of Quality ; price 1 s. 6 d. *Miscellanea Sacra*, collected by N. Tate, Esq ; price 2 s. bound. *Harmonia Sacra*, being a Collection of Divine Hymns and Anthems, set to Musick by the famous Mr. H. Purcell, &c. A Prospect of Death by the late Lord Roscommon ; price 6 d. The Divine Companion, being a Collection of short Hymns and Anthems, set to Musick by the best Modern Masters.

+ All Gentlemen, Ladies, and others, who have any Copies of Verses, Heroical, Humourous, Gallant, Satyrs, Odes, Epigrams, Riddles, Receipts, Songs, Prologues, or Epilogues, &c. in Prose or Verse, proper to insert in this Paper, are desired to send them to Mr. Playford, at the Temple Exchange, Fleet-street ; or Mr. Bragg, the Publisher, in Avermary-Lane, and they'll infinitely oblige the Undertakers, who will faithfully insert them. Whole Sets, or single Ones, may be had at the forementioned Places.

+ Advertisements proper to be inserted in this Paper, will be taken in by H. Playford at his Shop in the Temple Change, Fleet-street, and B. Bragg, Publisher, in Avermary-lane.